

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour,
marvellous ill-favoured.

Richard. Come Cousin,
Canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and stop againe,
As if thou were distraught, and mad with terrors?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and pricke on euery side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe suspicion, gaffly Lookes
Are at my seruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Rich. He is, and see he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reason we haue sent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Hastings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: Ratcliffe, and Louell.

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vn suspected Hastings.

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:

I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Christian.

Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts.

So smooth he daw'd his Vice with shew of Vertue,

That his apparant open Guilt omitted,

I meane, his Conuersation with Shores Wife,

He liu'd from all attainer of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couerit sheltered Traytor

That euery liu'd.

Would you imagine, or almost beleue,

Wert not, that by great preservation

We liue to tell it, that the subtil Traytor

This day had plotted, in the Councell-House,

To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster.

Maior. Had he done so?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?

Or that we would, against the forme of Law,

Proceed thus rashly in the Villaines death,

But that the extreme perill of the case,

The Peace of England, and our Persons safetie,

Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deferu'd his death,

And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,

To warne false Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with Mistrisse Shore:

Yet had we not determin'd he should dye,

Vntill your Lordship came to see his end,

Which now the louing haste of these our friends,

Something against our meanings, haue preuented:

Because, my Lord, I would haue had you heard

The Traytor speake, and timorously confesse

The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:

That you might well haue signify'd the same
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may

Misconster vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words shall serue,

As well as I had scene, and heard him speake:

And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,

But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens

With all your iust proceedings in this case.

Rich. And to that end we will'd your Lordship here,

T'auoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,

Yet witness what you heare we did intend:

And so, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Cousin Buckingham.

The Maior towards Guild-Hall hies him in all poste:

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,

Inferre the Bastardie of Edwards Children:

Tell them, how Edward put to death a Citizen,

Onely for saying, he would make his Sonne

Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his House,

Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed so,

Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,

And bestiall appetite in change of Lust,

Which stretch vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,

Euen where his raging eye, or sauage heart,

Without controll, lust to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Person:

Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child

Of that insatiate Edward; Noble Torke,

My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,

And by true computation of the time,

Found, that the Issue was not his begot:

Which well appeared in his Lineaments,

Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere farre off,

Because, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,

As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,

Were for my selfe: and so, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thrive wel, bring them to Baynards Castle,

Where you shall finde me well accompanied

With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Bishops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke

Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe Louell with all speed to Doctor Shaw,

Goe thou to Fryer Penker, bid them both

Meet me within this houre at Baynards Castle. Exit.

Now will I goe to take some priuie order,

To draw the Brats of Clarence out of sight,

And to giue order, that no manner person

Haue any time recourse vnto the Princes. Exit.

Enter a Seruient.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord Hastings,

Which in a set Hand fairly is engros'd,

That it may be to day read o're in Paules.

And marke how well the sequell hangs together:

Eleuen houres I haue spent to write it ouer,

For yester-night by Catesby was it sent me,

The Precedent was full as long a doing,

And yet within these fise houres Hastings liu'd,

Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.

Here's a good World the while.

Who is so grosse, that cannot see this palpable deuice?

Yet

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be scene in thought. Exit.

Enter Richard and Buckingham at severall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,

The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Rich. Toucht you the Bastardie of Edwards Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady Lucy,

And his Contract by Deputie in France,

Th'vnfatiat greedinesse of his desire,

His Tyrannic for Tiffes, his owne Bastardie,

As being got, your Father then in France,

And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,

Being the right Idea of your Father,

Both in your forme, and Noblenesse of Minde:

Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,

Your Discipline in Warre, Wisdome in Peace,

Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:

Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,

Vntoucht, or slightly handled in discourse.

And when my Oratorie drew toward end,

I bid them that did loue their Countries good,

Cry, God saue Richard, Englands Royall King.

Rich. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God helpe me, they spake not a word,

But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:

Which when I saw, I reprehended them,

And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull silence?

His answer was, the people were not vsd

To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.

Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:

Thus sayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke infer'd,

But nothing spoke, in warrant from himselfe.

When he had done, some followers of mine owne,

At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,

And some tenne voyces cry'd, God saue King Richard:

And thus I tooke the vantage of those few.

Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,

This generall applause, and chearefull shew,

Argues your wisdome, and your loue to Richard:

And euen here brake off, and came away.

Rich. What tongue-lesse Blockes were they,

Would they not speake?

Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?

Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend some feare,

Benot you spoke with, but by mightie suit:

And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,

And stand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,

For on that ground Ile make a holy Descant:

And be not easily wonne to our requests,

Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.

Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,

No doubt we bring it to a happie issue.

Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,

I thinke the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now Catesby, what sayes your Lord to my request?

Catesby. He doth enreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,

To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,

Diuinely bent to Meditation,

And in no Worldly suites would he be mou'd,

To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Returne, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke,

Tell him, my selfe, the Maior and Aldermen,

In deepe designs, in matter of great moment,

No lesse importing then our generall good,

Are come to haue some conference with his Grace.

Catesby. Ile signifie so much vnto him straight. Exit.

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an Edward,

He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,

But on his Knees, at Meditation:

Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,

But meditating with two deepe Diuines:

Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,

But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.

Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince

Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.

But sure I feare we shall not winne him to it.

Maior. Marry God defend his Grace should say vs nay.

Buck. I feare he will: here Catesby comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what sayes his Grace?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue assembled

Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,

His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:

He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should

Suspect me, that I meane no good to him:

By Heauen, we come to him in perfite loue,

And so once more returne, and tell his Grace. Exit.

When holy and deuout Religious men

Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,

So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Bishops.

Maior. See where his Grace stands, twene two Clergie

men.

Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,

To stay him from the fall of Vanitie:

And see a Booke of Prayer in his hand,

True Ornaments to know a holy man.

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious Prince,

Lend fauourable eare to our requests,

And pardon vs the interruption

Of thy Deuotion, and right Christian Zeale.

Rich. My Lord, there needes no such Apologie:

I doe beseech your Grace to pardon me,

Who earnest in the seruice of my God,

Defer'd the visitation of my friends.

But leauing this, what is your Graces pleasure?

Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaseth God aboute,

And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.

Rich. I doe suspect I haue done some offence,

That seemes disgracious in the Cities eye,

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

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Buck. You